MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. SEPTEMBER, 1913 No. 7

CONTENTS

	Page
The Minimum Wage Hallett Abend	193
Observations and Comments	195
The Stupidity of Legislation	201
The Ups and Downs of an Anarchist Propagandist Emma Goldman	203
The Farce of Legal Justice	207
The End of the Tour and a Peep at the Next One Ben L. Reitman	210
The New Unionism Hippolyte Havel	213
Tom Mann on Parliament	218
The Revolt of the Army Emile Pataud and Emile Pouget	219

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Vol. VIII **SEPTEMBER, 1913** **No. 7**

THE MINIMUM WAGE

By HALLETT ABEND.

FROM the high places of power we hear acceptable things.
Senators, congressmen, (who not?), with phrases as courtly as kings,

Assure us that work shall be plenty; "prosperity's coming," they say;
And for us who labor they promise a "minimum rate" of pay.

Smoothly they counsel patience, suavely they tell us to wait,
And not give heed to the demagogues who clamor outside the gate.

Bankers, princes of finance, heads of great trusts we hear,
And all of them promise "justice,"—a word that from them sounds queer.

Whence this sudden conversion, this zeal for the cause of right,
Now shown on the part of the mighty, who erstwhile relied on might?

"Have our men no time for diversion? Are their hours of work overlong?
At once we shall frame legislation to right such a grievous wrong.

"The girls in the stores and sweatshops,—you say they are underpaid?
We shall double their wage by a minimum law; their hunger shall be allayed.

"In our mines and mills toil children, and in great canneries, too?
We shall draft new laws to redress old wrongs, bring justice to all of you."

Justice? A tardy justice, born of a panic fear,—
As valueless as atonement when dissolution is near.

Well have you known, you masters, of your wrongs to your brother men.
For countless years you have sweated us hard; you knew your methods then.

And our girls,—say, what have you paid them? Four dollars a week or less!
Had you a care how they earned enough for food and lodging and dress?

You have made wage-slaves of the men of the race,—fathers and sons and brothers;
And prostitutes or anaemic wrecks of women who might have been mothers.

But we heard no talk of "justice" until we stirred in our might,—
And now you prate of your minimum wage,—enthuse for the cause of right.

We accept for a time the dole you give from the wealth our toil has made.
Your minimum wage is the veriest sop,—in time we'll be fully paid;

But not by you. No, the time will come when the hand that has strength to toil
Will have the power, the might and the right to apportion out the spoil.

And then to the ones who labor shall belong what the labor brings,
With never a share, either great or small, for the bags of the money kings.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WE hear much talk these days about the spirit of true democracy, and how important it is to educate the masses in conformity with that spirit. If by that is meant that out of the masses be developed individuals, independent personalities that have no more need of guardians and representatives, then we could participate in the work. But as a matter of fact, the education of the people generally means, in the mouth of the official educators, to preserve the compactness of the masses and to yoke them as beasts of burden in the triumphal pageant of the masters. The politician aims to train the people blindly to follow his leadership, like so many sheep; the same object is sought by capitalism and militarism. The democracy of today is a very cheap thing. It signifies little more than the drilling of the people to enthuse themselves over long exploded ideals and to hurrah for the inflated idol of the hour.

We Anarchists also hope for the awakening of the masses, but not in the sense that they should continue, as today, to be the stumbling block to progressive thought and a handicap to every daring act. We aim rather to split them up into individuals, personalities, that are not held together by superstition and prejudice, but are welded in the spirit of brotherhood by intelligent solidarity and co-operation.

* * *

AUGUST BEBEL, the most influential leader of the German Social Democracy, recently died in Switzerland. His fame and popularity have grown out of his long parliamentary career covering a period of over forty years. As a parliamentarian and politician he has achieved a measure of success such as few men of his social sphere ever attain to.

But the situation is quite different so far as Bebel, the alleged Socialist and revolutionary, is concerned. His Socialism had long ago ceased to be a vital issue, and finally became nothing more than a means of swelling the number of his partisans and constituents. The promise of his early career, indicating a tendency along active revolutionary lines, soon degenerated into political buncombe and party intrigue. Parliament and party became the ultimate. They absorbed all his energies,

indeed the man himself, so that in his later life he appeared much more the manager of a political treadmill than an independent, strong individuality. This is also clearly evident from his Memoirs, in which one seeks in vain for a single original expression of his personality.

The activities of Bebel within his party consisted of late years chiefly in harmonizing reformistic and radical elements "in the interests of the party." These efforts led him more and more into reform waters, with the consequent compromising and trimming of sails, like the most ordinary politician with an eye on a government sinecure. For the ideals and aims of Anarchism, such a practical politician could of course have not the slightest understanding.

Taken all in all, the much praised career of Bebel is a striking example of the way in which a social revolutionist should *not* follow.

* * *

THE joyful tidings come from the National Convention of the Theosophists that a new Messiah is soon to appear. According to these news, there is developing in the Theosophist colony near Los Angeles a brand new race that is to be the real chosen people. The situation naturally involves the debut of a new Messiah, who indeed has already been introduced to the convention in the following manner: "At the proper time we expect a Messiah to appear and direct the destinies of the new race, the same as Christ did centuries ago."

It is fortunate that this time the Savior of the world is to be a real Yankee. Were he—God forbid—a foreigner, he would in all probability fall into the hands of the Immigration Bureau and be deported, so that the millions of Americans would be robbed of salvation and be doomed to eternal hell-fire. Yet, even his American nativity may perhaps not save the new Messiah from the danger of landing in the poorhouse if he should proceed in his work of salvation in the manner of the Nazarene tramp. It would very likely happen to him to be arrested in Patterson for unlawful assembly, or to be tarred and feathered in San Diego.

The Theosophists would do well to arm themselves betimes with sufficient funds and a police permit for the

Savior to hold meetings, so that he may not meet the fate of his predecessor in Jerusalem.

* * *

THE people of the State of New York are at present in the heart-rending position of not knowing who be their Governor and by whom they are so wisely ruled. Sulzer, whom the Tammany braves have scalped because of disobedience to the orders of the wigwam—in spite of his having been elected by the will of the great majority—insists that he is still governor of the State. But Martin H. Glyn laughs his preposterous claims to scorn, and has already ordered a big new State seal that is to stamp him as the *real* governor and ruler of the State of New York.

The best thing that could happen would be for the two alleged governors mutually to order out the troops against each other, for the purpose of shooing off the other fellow from the public manger. The good citizens would then learn the valuable lesson that politics is only an affair of grafting politicians. They might even glimpse the vision that the heavens would not necessarily fall if there should be no governor at all.

* * *

BECAUSE of professional jealousy some leading spirits of the Protestant Church have gone on the warpath against the Mormon Church. They want to prove that the "sacred writings" of the Mormons, which their first prophet, Joseph Smith, is said to have received at the hands of Jehovah on a golden platter, is a bald deception and a fraud.

Cheerfully granted. It is too bad, though, that the "sacred revelations" of the dominant Christian Churches rest on a similar fraud. It requires no less stupidity and credulity to believe the revelations of a Moses received at the burning bush than to believe that God handed the "sacred writings" to Smith by one of heaven's special delivery messengers.

* * *

HOW zealously the Catholic Church strives to gain control of the youth of the land, is apparent from the statistics of the last school census:

The total enrollment in Catholic schools last season was 75,000

in Manhattan, Staten Island, and the Bronx, and 65,000 in Brooklyn and Queens. The number to enter these schools next Monday will reach a total of 152,000.

When it is considered that the public schools are already deeply impregnated with the virus of the Jesuit spirit and diplomacy, the alarm of those who fear the supremacy of Catholicism in this country seems well grounded. Stealthily, step by step, the Catholic Church is sneaking into every public institution of America, and there is unfortunately but little left of the spirit of Voltaire and Thomas Paine in the American bourgeoisie to meet the insidious foe.

* * *

INSPECTOR SCHMITTBERGER, Chief of the New York uniformed police, was assigned to witness certain theatrical performances to determine whether the plays come up to the high standard of morality set by the Police Department of New York.

No doubt it is quite consonant with police intelligence to guide the footsteps of art with a nightstick. And even if the aroused moral indignation is only an advertising dodge of the promoters—which is not so far-fetched as it may seem to the uninitiated—still it is aggravating that the artists and writers cannot muster enough courage to voice a public protest against this morality nuisance.

* * *

NO less farcical than the presence in Canada of W. T. Jerome, the official prosecutor of Harry Thaw, and his antics there, is his explanation of the reasons for returning the escaped prisoner to the Matteawan Insane Asylum. It must be done, he argues, because the impression is gaining ground with the public that the wealthy can do as they please with the law, and that is calculated to create bad blood. In other words, lock your doors that your neighbor may not see the filth in your house.

The public has long ago had numerous opportunities to witness the power of money in cases like Thaw's. Were the murderer of Stanford White a poor man, he would have long ago been executed, buried and forgotten. It was money, and the lawyers, influence and sensations purchased with it, that brought about the situation which

enables Thaw to play the role of the protector of home and family. The dangerous idiots created by wealth and consequent idleness and stupidity, are not to be cured either with medicine or jurisprudence. In a society where there will be no room for a class of rich drones, such parasitic growths like Harry Thaw would be impossible. And incidentally it would also have the great advantage of doing away with the Jeromes.

* * *

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY DANIELS protests against the courts sentencing young thieves to the navy. He complains especially against the State Attorney of Maryland because he gave a convicted thief the choice of entering the navy or of going to prison for a long term.

The moral indignation of Daniels seems entirely out of place, since invasion, robbery, and murder are the very purposes for which the army and navy are systematically trained. Why refuse admission to those who already have some exprience in this work?

* * *

COMRADE KROPOTKIN, whose health has not been very satisfactory of late, passed this spring in Locarno, Switzerland. Over thirty years ago he was exiled from that country, but the authorities seemed disinclined to resurrect the evidence of their stupidity. As a matter of fact, Comrade Kropotkin had repeatedly visited Locarno in recent years, without being harrassed by the Swiss government.

But this time something transpired. The citizens of Locarno demanded that the old order forbidding Kropotkin the soil of Switzerland should be officially rescinded, and the authorities at first seemed inclined to accede to the popular demand. But later reports, if authentic, indicate that official pettiness and vanity was not so easily overcome. The government decided that Peter Kropotkin be allowed to remain, on condition that he ask permission to do so. Our Comrade, of course, scorned to do anything smacking of a plea for mercy, and he left Locarno.

The affair once more exemplifies the stupidity and petty persecution mania of government—after all, an old story.

SYLVIA PANKHURST describes in a recent issue of *McClure's Magazine* the methods practised in the prisons of England on the suffragettes. She has herself been a victim of this treatment till she completely broke down under it. She relates her first experience of the torture of forcible feeding, as follows:

Then the doctors came stealing in behind. Some one seized me by the hand and thrust a sheet under my chin. I felt a man's hands trying to force my mouth open. I set my teeth and tightened my lips over them with all my strength. My breath was coming so quickly that I felt as if I should suffocate. I felt his fingers trying to press my lips apart,—getting inside,—and I felt them and a steel gag running around my gums and feeling for gaps in my teeth.

I felt I should go mad; I felt like a poor wild thing caught in a steel trap. I was tugging at my head to get it free. There were two of them holding it. There were two of them wrenching at my mouth. My breath was coming faster and with a sort of low scream that was getting louder. I heard them talking: "Here is a gap." "No; here is a better one—this long gap here."

Then I felt a steel instrument pressing against my gums, cutting into the flesh, forcing its way in. Then it gradually pried my jaws apart as they turned a screw. It felt like having my teeth drawn; but I resisted—I resisted. I held my poor bleeding gums down on the steel with all my strength. Soon they were trying to force the india-rubber tube down my throat. I was struggling wildly, trying to tighten the muscles and to keep my throat closed up. They got the tube down, I suppose, though I was unconscious of anything but a mad revolt of struggling, for at last I heard them say, "That's all"; and I vomited as the tube came up.

They left me on the bed exhausted, gasping for breath and sobbing convulsively.

All honor to the women who fight so valiantly in a cause dear to them. But when will they realize that, whatever the guise of government—be it despotic or "liberal"—if you just scratch it, you will discover the same barbarian.

THE STUPIDITY OF LEGISLATION

FREEDOM, liberty, and such words are found in dictionaries, but each year marks a decrease of the original article. As a man surcingles or puts a band around a horse, and draws it till he kills the horse or breaks the band, so are the people of this country, by the chain of legislation, denying liberty and paving the way for the clouds of evils that arise from too much law.

In this country it is already a fact that, when a man cannot personally force his ideas into the life of a neighbor, he sets about rigging up a legislative propellant that shall bind the victim, and then, with the help of those who skin on shares or work for fees, pump the objectionable in or draw the milk out.

If you wish an appliance that will shorten the freedom of your neighbor, go to the legislature and have it made,—that is, if there are none already in stock. There are some places on the skin not yet covered by some kind of legislative plaster. A very few breathing pores left open. A few places where the stomach pump of taxation has not been inserted for the benefit of the inserter, but these spots or places are fast disappearing under the operation of the legislative cauterizer and puncturer.

Here are a few things that could once be done by man which must now be done by law, or with a tether.

A child must not be conceived till a priest or magistrate has had his fee and granted a permit.

The mother of the child cannot be attended by a midwife or physician unless selected by the legislature.

She cannot take medicine that is not prescribed by the legislature, nor can she have her feet or head or body rubbed save by some person to whom the legislature has sold a sheepskin or diploma.

The child must not attend school or study from other books than thus set up by law.

The care of the child is natural with its parents or guardians, but legislation steps in and says where the child must go and must not go, what amusements it can have and all this regardless of the rights of the parents to control their children till they pass the equatorial line and engage for themselves.

As he grows, he finds that he cannot kiss a girl, except

in comformity to law. That he cannot play billiards, play cards, use tobacco, drink beer, or do chores on sabbath without a permit from legislation.

As he becomes a man, he learns that he cannot stand a moment in front of another man's house, see the belligerent roosters wrangle in the barnyard, or float a log down stream to a sawmill, without legislation and a red tag of some kind that costs him more or less, paid to the fee snatcher. That he cannot bury his dead without legislation. That he cannot express his opinion about a public thief, print an account of a lottery, or engage in a cooperative business without legislation.

He finds out, that legislation has forbidden him to read certain books, to look at pictures, branded by legislation as "immoral," to speak on public places and street corners without permission of the legislature, in spite of Declaration of Independence and Constitution. Soon it becomes clear to him, that a person cannot express his ideas of God or devil, good or evil, government, society or people, without legislation. That he cannot remain on earth or get to heaven without legislation. That he cannot work a piece of land, or hang a sign over his store without legislation. That he cannot sell apples, peanuts, shoe strings, or bibles on the streets without legislation.

Between the legislation and law-making that is going on by heads of families, heads of churches, reform societies, schools, manufacturing monopolies, boards of aldermen, town officials, county officials, State legislatures, Congress, and Almighty God, one is justified indeed in thinking that liberty, freedom of conscience and self-government are a job lot up for sale as relics, if not already parted with.

And yet in Congress and State legislatures nearly fourty thousand new laws were proposed last year. At this rate twenty-five years from now the number of courts in this country will be threefold the present number, and between usury and litigation the man who wants to be honest will be completely crucified, as was Jesus, between two official thieves, who will see to it that he gets all the benefits of the law.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF AN ANARCHIST PROPAGANDIST

VERILY, they are many and strange. Thrilled by our San Francisco success, and full of anticipation of our trip to Portland (which by the way is the most beautiful city on the Pacific Coast), we were thrown from our exalted state by a telegram, announcing "danger ahead" in Portland. It read:

> Strong rumor afloat to the effect you will be met at station and deported. Do you wish to frustrate scheme by stopping at Oregon City, nearest stop, different county, from which place could come in by electric car or machine. May be nothing in it, but friends here expect trouble. Advise your plan of action.
>
> KITTIE.

While we did not credit the news, still our journey was spoiled, since even Anarchists cannot escape the power of suggestion, especially when they have San Diego in their bones.

However, the anxiety of our Portland friends was groundless. Not only did we meet with no disturbance, but we found Portland lazy and inert with the heat, as a result of which our meetings were poorly attended, except for the debate with Prof. Ries, author of "Man and Mules."

The Socialist local, and especially C. W. Barzee, the organizer, worked very hard for the debate and brought together a large audience. Prof. Ries is an experienced speaker, and as he had his chart to prove his points, he no doubt pleased his comrades. As to direct action or Anarchism, a Socialist is not supposed to know either. Prof. Ries intends to publish the debate, so that the readers will have a chance to judge for themselves.

Yet the Portland visit is among the most joyous on this tour, owing to a few friends who vied with each other in devotion and attention. First, there is Katherine Beck—timid, shrinking, reticent—yet one of the bravest and truest spirits it has been my fortune to meet. But more than that is her exquisite way of doing and giving, which makes Katherine Beck such a wonderful woman. To know how to give is to my mind a greater art, than to know how to paint or write. No wonder so few people possess that gift. Yet it is as inspiring to sensitive people, as a painting or good music is to the art lover. It

makes one forget the sordidness of today, and opens the boundless vista when giving and taking among humans will stand in the same relation as sunshine and dew to the rose and forget-me-not. Katherine Beck is the pioneer of that glorious time to come, and as such she is the inspiration and joy of all those who know her.

There are other faithful friends and comrades in Portland—"The Rosies," Paulin Cantor, as idealistic and intense as if she had just emerged from some Russian town; Louise Olivereau, John Spicer, "Tomboy Mary," and many others.

The last evening, when a dozen I. W. W. and Anarchists demonstrated the superiority of labor for love to labor for pay, and the Bohemian gathering, with sandwiches, beer, stories and song ended a week of beautiful comradeship, of which the world at large little dreams.

And again the ups and downs in rapid succession. Weeks before we came to Seattle, faithful Herman Michailovitch, or "Mickie," as he is known to us, had secured halls in the most desirable part of the town. Cards had been printed and circulatd, and much interest aroused in our coming.

Then happened the drunken orgy of Uncle Sam's "brave boys." The sailors and the soldiers, incited by the Seattle *Times,* one of the yellowist and most criminal sheets in the country, vented their patriotism on the I. W. W.

When friend Mickie returned from Portland, where he had gone to help with the meetings, he was informed by the owner that E. G. could not speak in his hall. In vain Mickie pleaded, begged and threatened; but no hall, and all money, effort and labor wasted. Then began a search for halls, but no place could be found, under any consideration. Our chances looked pretty down indeed. Finally, the Finnish Socialists let us have their hall for two nights, and the I. W. W. for three meetings.

The Finnish hall is on the outskirts of Seattle, yet we had packed houses both times, and the spirit was wonderful. The I. W. W. hall is what is commonly called the toughest part of the town, the entrance through a dark, filthy alley, since anything is good enough for the poor. Much trouble was predicted. Besides, who of that district would be interested in anything but ordinary

harangue or be able to pay admission? But the miracle happened. The god-forsaken, man-abused, and society cast-out flocked by the hundreds and listened breathlessly to things many of them had never heard before. Indeed, the three meetings in the I. W. W. hall were the most wonderful I have addressed in many years, and if only we could have continued for at least another week, we would have been able to demonstrate that the poor are more hungry for intellectual food, even than they are for pork chops. Hence the error of our good economic determinists.

But the conservative element in the I. W. W., which opposed my speaking in their hall altogether, would not consent to our having the hall for a second week, though the real rebels fought for it very hard. Among them was "Daddy" Price, the most unique and wonderful character among the I. W. W. of the West. Price was born in 1829, and began work at the age of seven. He has never stopped since, for if he does not work for his master, he works for his ideal. And "Daddy" Price is an idealist, as pure and fine and inspired, as one rarely meets in this our Mammon age. "Daddy" Price has participated in many strikes, and in nearly every free speech fight, tramping hundreds of miles to get to San Diego, where he was given the same Christian kindness, as all the free speech fighters received at the hands of the respectable Vigilante rowdies. But "Daddy" could not be daunted; he held out to the last, selling *The Industrial Worker* on the streets against all odds.

I asked him when he became a rebel. And he replied, "When I got my first pay, $1 per week, at the age of seven. I asked my father how it was that I should get so little, and was told to shut up and obey the master." That was seventy-seven years ago, and "Daddy" has never ceased to be a rebel nor to ask why he should receive so little; nor has he ever learned to obey. Far from it; his spirit is at red white heat over the injustice and crimes perpetrated upon his class. But he has the divine fire of youth and the unbounded faith of the dreamer in the ultimate victory of his class. With it all, he is tender and chivalrous, the gentleman of soul and mind—not of cloth.

"Daddy" Price fought hard to get us the I. W. W.

hall for a second week, but failed, so we had to discontinue at the height of the interest.

Still we have no fault to find with the boys. They have their own work to do. So long as it was a question of free speech, they set their own interests aside, which they probably could not do just for general lectures. If revolutionists would only stand by each other in time of real need, they would learn to know and respect each other's differences better, when the enemy is not so hard at their heels. And this the I. W. W. boys have done.

Altogether Seattle, with its ups and downs, its anxieties and results, its stupid persecutions and its splendid comradeship, was the banner experience and will long stand out in our memories.

After Seattle came a lecture and debate in Everett, where we were stopped and forced out of town four years ago. The debate was with Maynard Shipley, who was as uninteresting as he had been in San Francisco.

Spokane, after Seattle, was quite a cold plunge. Still, we had three good meetings and met a lot of able and splendid I. W. W. boys.

Then came Butte, Montana, as the last stop in our long pilgrimage. If for no other purpose it is a joy to come to Butte because of our devoted, unchangeable old friends, Abe and Annie Edelstadt. But this time our meetings too were worth the trip. Thanks to the Edelstadts and a few other comrades, we were able to hold free meetings, which were attended by no less than 1,200 people. Especially the one on "The Growing Danger of the Power of the Church." Next to the mine owners, the Catholic Church is the most poisonous force in Butte. No wonder there is so much anti-religious sentiment in that town. It was demonstrated to its fullest in our meetings. The Saturday before Ben Reitman held forth for two hours on the street, disposing of a large quantity of literature, and on Sunday we had two packed houses.

As usual, our friends gathered in the ever hospitable house of Annie, Abe and their children, Sadie, Albert and the baby, for a real Anarchist reunion.

This closes a most remarkable tour of seven months. Remarkable because it had such a dismal beginning; so many ups and downs, so many despairs and hopes; and such a wonderful ending.

And now for a short rest, and then to work again. New lectures, new plans, new hopes; above all, ever ready and unflinching to face the ups and downs in the life of the Anarchist propagandist.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE FARCE OF LEGAL JUSTICE

> Human justice appears to me as the most farcical thing in the world. The spectacle of a man judging his neighbor would make me laugh to exhaustion, did it not cause in me the feeling of contemptuous pity, and were I not now engaged in the study of that system of absurdities on the strength of which men regard it as a right to judge others. I know of nothing more senseless than jurisprudence, save perhaps the study of it.—G. FLAUBERT.

LEGAL justice is the synonym for oppression, stupidity, and crime. Those familiar with the legal machinery know that acquittal or conviction depends much more on the prisoner's ability to secure influential lawyers rather than on the question of guilt. Theoretically every accused person is innocent in the eyes of the law till proven guilty, but as a matter of fact every prison has a large quota of men innocently convicted because their purse or pull was not sufficient to prove their innocence. But even those so-called guilty are the victims of vicious conditions that often stamp as criminal the noblest impulses of human nature.

A case in point is the letter we have received from a prisoner in Dannemora, N. Y., whom a merciful Christian judge doomed to 40 years at hard labor for a theft committed to save an old man from prison.

The letter of the prisoner, A. von F., reached me almost by accident. I know what a cesspool of crime, hypocrisy and brutality is hidden by the usual "process of law." But for fiendish inhumanity the case of A. von F. exceeds even the professional viciousness of our judicial Torquemadas. I am in correspondence with a number of prisoners in various penitentiaries, but I am particularly interested in this case and I have secured the aid of a friendly attorney in behalf of F. I hope that his letter—the simple recital of his case—may move

some of our readers to interest themselves in the man and to aid our efforts for his release. Bear in mind that life in prison is hell and that each one of us is responsible for the existence and maintenance of those hells.

Communications in this matter are to be addressed to me personally.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

"Dannemora, N. Y., Sunday, June 1, 1913.

"My dear Mr. Berkman.

"I received your very welcome letter dated May the 15, and was very sorry that I could not answer before, but you doubtless know that my writing privilege is strictly limited. Otherwise you would have heard from me before this. I am sure I need not tell you that I was agreeably surprised at the interest you seem to take in my unfortunate situation, and I will gladly give you some facts about my case, as far as space will permit. I was arrested in June, 1907, at my home in Freeport, Long Island, on information of the son, whose father I got released from Blackwell's Island on payment of $600. It was through the father that I primarily got into this trouble. I made his acquaintance while I was serving a term of ten months in the K. C. P. in Brooklyn. He induced me to go to Freeport on my release and take charge of a small hotel he owned there. I had a few hundred dollars and succeeded in getting the license reissued in my name. Schang, as he is called, had been arrested for running it disorderly and was on his conviction given one year and 500 dollars, and for excise violation lost the bar license and was fined one hundred dollars, in addition. His son Christ was arrested for tending bar on Sunday, but got off with a suspended sentence. When I took charge, I was told that as soon as his prison term was served, the fine would be remitted, and after selling the property I would not only get what money I actually laid out for him, but also receive full payment for my time and trouble. But when that time came, I found that Judge Jackson would not remit the fine. My money was all tied up in the place and the place itself did not even pay expenses. Schang's wife and son were continually urging me to get the money to get the

old man out of jail, and in the end I as well as the son and a friend of his committed some burglaries to get the necessary money. I believe it was the payment of that sum which first brought us under suspicion. Well, to cut it short, Christ Schang got arrested for a fight in which he was implicated and after being subjected to the 3rd degree he confessed all he knew, and I as well as his mother and friend got arrested. Owing to me paying that money for Schang's fine, I had nothing to engage counsel. Judge Jackson called a special grand jury to indict and also a special session of the county court to try us. We had absolutely no show. We were guilty all right, but not in half the cases for which we were indicted. I as well as the other two pleaded guilty to 2 charges of burglary, 2nd degree, 2nd offence, and one charge of in the 3rd degree. I was told by the district attorney that at most I would receive a ten year term. Well, instead of that I received 16 years on 2 charges and 8 years for burglary in the 3d degree, making 40 years together. Christ Schang, a 19-year-old boy, received 10+10+5 on the same charges, or 25 years, and the other one 3 indefinite terms, no less than 3 nor more than 5 on the first and on the other two no less than 2 nor more than 3, making no less than 7 nor more than 11 years. You see, the maximum was 5 years, and in spite of that he is still in prison till the minimum of 7 years has been served. Christ and the last named one are so-called first timers, but because of his being arrested for tending bar on Sunday, he was indicted as a 2nd offender in this case. Clearly illegal, but it proves that it is necessary to have money. I wish to call your attention to the fact that practically every thing stolen was recovered, there was not the slightest violence committed, no chloroform or guns used; also no other excuse for such severity, but the fact that the complainants were rich men all known to Judge Jackson, and that we were completely at his mercy. There was only a single one of the complainants against us who sent me a word of cheer, and that is Mr. Pierre M. Brown, a lawyer, of ——— street; he promised me that after the expiration of my 5th year he would ask the Governor to commute my sentence to 10 years, but I am here now nearly 6 and am still waiting as the ex-Judge still refuses to give his consent. Mr. Brown can

give you all the particulars in my case. Hoping to hear from you soon I am yours sincerely,

A. VON F.

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THE END OF THE TOUR AND A PEEP AT THE NEXT ONE

BY BEN. L. REITMAN.

"THE ship is swept, the day is done," and thus our seventh, our most successful and interesting lecture tour across the country is ended.

It was a great tour. Six hungry weeks in Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Wisconsin and Kansas. Three good days in Michigan. Two fair weeks in Chicago, rescued by drama courses. Two good weeks in Denver, made possible by a group of courageous women. Three golden months in California, divided into six delightful weeks in Los Angeles, with fine meetings every night; splendid comrades to work with, a delightful beach to recuperate and bathe in, lovely children for me to play with and tell stories to, kind friends to visit and be inspired by, and forty enthusiastic meetings in San Francisco, held in the most satisfying hall we have ever had and with the finest group of comrade helpers we have ever gathered about us and selling the largest amount of literature ever sold in one city.

A quiet week in Portland, despite the telegrams and rumors that we would be stopped and deported. Six thrilling, successful meetings in Seattle, each one a conquest and a joy. A day in Everett with a free speech victory. Three good little meetings in Spokane, alive with the memory of Jim Wilson, the first editor of the *Industrial Worker* and one of the loveliest and brainest men the I. W. W. has produced, and incidentally the man whom the majority spirit of the local I. W. W. crushed because he would not "line up" with the organization, and who later met a terrible death.

The tour ended splendidly with two big free meetings in Butte. The Sunday night meeting was the largest and only anti-religious meeting of any consequence held in Butte since the days of Robert Ingersoll, twenty years ago.

"And now, seeing that our trip is o'er and sitting alone with my dear little mother, I think of the things that was and is."

It may be interesting to look over the changes that have taken place in the various cities and in our work in the past six years, and it may not be out of order to offer a suggestion and a hope for our future work.

The revolution is still on, and the revolutionary spirit is growing. No city or town escapes it. In New York, California, Kansas, Ohio, you can see and feel the great social unrest. And everywhere, on the street, in the saloons, in the labor unions, in the Pullman cars, in the hotel lobbies, you hear men and women earnestly talking about the great labor problems.

During the first few years of our tour, the radicalification of the labor unions was noticeable; also the phenomenal growth of Socialism, together with its tremendous influence on labor unions, radical movements and near thinkers. Even the I. W. W. did not escape it. Many of them were dominated by men who had their brains and souls polluted by an S. L. P. training. But in the last tour I notice a reaction against the Socialist Party. In practically every city the Socialist locals have broken up into quarreling, dissatisfied groups. The labor unions are not pleased with the Socialist influence and are rebelling against it. Everywhere you meet men who say, "I *used* to belong to the Socialist Party." The labor leaders who sold their souls and their unions to the Socialists and other politicians, are still on deck in every city, but they are fast losing their pull and prestige. It is pathetic to see the large number of cynics and pork chop philosophers who were Socialists. They are a drag on the revolutionary movement. But a few years in the Socialist movement is worse than a few years in a theological seminary. Few men can outgrow it or live it down. When one has developed a political mind he is apt to contaminate every movement with which he associates. But there is a genuine, a beautiful, a growing revolutionary spirit throughout the country, especially seen on the West coast. Many of these "live ones" are in the I. W. W., and a few in the Socialist parties.

For the casual traveller it might be difficult to find an Anarchist movement in the various cities, but no city

that has a revolutionary movement is without the influence of Anarchists and Anarchist literature. And not only do you find Anarchism influential among the working class, but also with the teacher and among the intelligent middle and professional classes. No one who is active in the labor movement can escape the influence of Anarchist philosophy and tactics.

Those who have closely followed our work will notice some changes. Indeed, we have been charged with getting away from the working class and economics, and drifting towards the bourgeoisie and literature. Speaking for myself, I admit that we now talk and write less about the workers and economics. And with good reason. For forty years the Anarchists talked to the toilers about direct action, sabotage, the general strike, and industrial unionism. Today the workers know why they slave and are poor, and industrial unionism, direct action and sabotage form a part of their lives. We have not deserted the working class movement, because we are part and parcel of it. But we have gone farther. As Anarchists we are pioneers, and we must prepare the workers for the time when they shall enjoy the fruits of their labor. Soon the proletariat of the world, using Anarchist methods and tactics, will take possession of the things they have produced, and we want to fit them for the great day, by revolutionizing and broadening their attitude toward life, that they may indeed be prepared to live in true liberty, brotherhood and Anarchy. The working class, alone, cannot be saved. Humanity as a whole must be saved, and the cause of the intellectual proletarian, of the teacher, the writer, the doctor, the small business and professional man is the same as the factory wage slave's. And this element is just as much interested in the revolutionary movement as the average working man.

I am convinced that if I hand a man one of Hauptmann's plays, and he learns about the bitter conflict between labor and capital, I have done more for him than if I had influenced him to join a movement. And I feel that if I call a man's attention to William Morris's "News from Nowhere," he will have a clearer vision and a greater ideal than if I had sold him a dozen pamphlets on "How We Are Exploited." By far the most impor-

tant part of our tour has been the tremendous amount of literature, real literature, that we have been able to circulate.

And now for a peep into our future work. We never had such possibilities as now, and we were never before prepared to do such good work. We plan to make fewer but longer stops in the larger cities. We will cut out the smaller towns in Ohio, Missouri, Indiana and Kansas, unless the comrades in those places can make arrangements to get big halls and have free meetings. It is our earnest hope that all of our meetings in the future will be free meetings, but so long as the comrades there show so little interest in our magazine—and MOTHER EARTH is mainly dependent on E. G.'s lecture tours—the realization of this hope appears distant.

It is my great desire that in New York City, where we contemplate a five months' stay, we give free meetings a real try out. We ought to have a big theater or hall that would seat at least a thousand people, and conduct a great series of meetings this fall. I am sure that if some of our Eastern comrades will lend a hand, we can do a tremendous work in New York this fall and winter.

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THE NEW UNIONISM

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

SYNDICALISM is the latest victim of journalistic enterprise. The book mart is being flooded with works dealing with the new phase of the labor movement. In innumerable articles, pamphlets and books we are supposed to get the genesis, the true meaning, and the aim of the new Unionism. What an army of interpreters, expositors, and annotators! Like mushrooms after rain the journalistic sympathizers appeared on the scene after the recent strikes in England and America. Syndicalism must indeed be a healthy growth if it can withstand such a parasitical invasion.

The unhappy reader wading through this jungle of printed leaves gathers, unfortunately, very little information. Most of the books consist merely of a mass of more or less cleverly written-up misstatement and misinformation. Unable to comprehend a militant movement of in-

telligent, conscious workers, these well-wishers describe Syndicalism as the discovery of some great thinker or philosopher. Ignorant of the fact that the movement existed in the brains and hearts of the proletarians ere Messrs. Berth, Lagardelle, Leone *e tutti quanti* appeared on the stage, these bourgeois scriveners attribute it to some hero or other, and multiply their ignorance by quoting one another.

Yet far more dangerous for the evolution of the Syndicalist movement are those writers who are well-informed on the subject, but who interpret it from a partisan, prejudiced standpoint. By ignoring certain facts, or if they cannot ignore them, by perverting or distorting them, they give a far worse survey of the movement than the ignorant penny-a-liner who does not know better.

A past-master of this cheap art of misinformation is Mr. André Tridon, whose book, "The New Unionism,"* has just appeared. Tridon can claim the distinction of having succeeded in producing the most dishonest book on Syndicalism which has so far appeared on the book market. In a polemic with Robert Allerton Parker in the St. Louis *Mirror* concerning the mental dishonesty of his work, Tridon informs us that he is an ex-Anarchist: he, too, has had the Anarchist measles, having graduated to Anarchism from Monarchism and Catholicism for purely sentimental reasons. 'Tis too bad. He forgets to inform us what reasons led him into journalistic prostitution. No wonder he finds that Rousseau, Proudhon, Tolstoy and Stirner have no message for the *practical man*. No, dear André, they have not.

To be sure, even by studying the Anarchist movement most diligently and by perusing the Anarchist literature minutely, one would search in vain for marks left through the activity of Mr. Tridon, but then such characters as Tridon are omnipotent; he may have influenced the Anarchist movement indirectly, by astral activity. As an exponent of the new Unionism he is in the company of ex-priests and ex-gold-mine-swindle-promotors who imagine they have discovered a new gold mine in Syndicalism. Still, Tridon may dislike the Anarchists as

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*THE NEW UNIONISM. By André Tridon. B. M. Huebsch, Publisher. Price 25 cents net.

much as he likes: that is his privilege; but he is mistaken if he thinks that he can treat them as a negligent quantity by fighting them with the methods of the ostrich: by ignoring, hiding, and minimizing their activity and their influence in the revolutionary labor movement. The trouble with André is that he is too well-informed. Were he less well-informed he would not destroy his arguments with his own statements.

"To give credit to the Anarchists," declares Tridon, "for the development of Syndicalism reveals a deep ignorance of Syndicalism's status of the present day." Really? Now let us see what the same Tridon has to say on this subject on page 70 of his book: "To Fernand Pelloutier more than to any other leader is due the present revolutionary connotation of the word Syndicalism. In the course of his short life (1867-1901), he showed himself an unremitting foe of parliamentary action. In 1897 he coined the word which now sums up the methods of New Unionism, 'Direct Action' . . . all his life Pelloutier adhered to this militant policy. When Millerand came forward with a programme of reforms, Pelloutier attacked savagely what he called 'the half-baked projects of that self-styled socialist.' Although suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage, he did not hesitate in the last years of his life to court persecution. His book *La vie ouvrière en France* called upon his head governmental thunder and he died a pauper in 1901."

On the next page Tridon writes: "Fernand Pelloutier did his best to gather the Anarchists into the syndicates," and on page 189, "at the very time (1903) Pelloutier's efforts were bearing fruit and the Anarchists elements introduced by Pelloutier were on the point of imposing their views and tactics upon the more conservative Federations of Unions."

To the Anarchists must be given then some credit, *n'est-ce-pas?* Though Tridon succeeds in writing his confession in such a manner that the average reader may well remain in ignorance as to Pelloutier's Anarchist beliefs and activity.

And how does Tridon's denial of Anarchist influence on Syndicalism compare with the declaration of Georges Yvetot, then the Secretary of the section of *Bourses du Travail* at the Congress of the French Federation of La-

bor at Toulouse: "I am reproached with confusing Syndicalism with Anarchism. It is not my fault if Anarchism and Syndicalism have the same ends in view. The former pursues the integral emancipation of the individual; the latter the integral emancipation of the workingman. I find the whole of Syndicalism in Anarchism."

Furthermore: in describing the different shades of opinion in the Confederal Committee of the French Confederation, Tridon declares: "It is the Left which has steadily directed the destinies of the Confederation since the fusion of 1902." The Left, which is composed of Anarchists and whose most prominent member is Yvetot! Tridon quotes Yvetot repeatedly, yet he never mentions the fact that Yvetot is an active Anarchist and that in addition to his work as editor of *La Voix du Peuple*, the official organ of the Confederation, he is a diligent contributor to various Anarchist publications. The same contemptible ostrich policy Tridon follows in quoting Pouget, Pierrot, Faure, the Italian de Ambris, the German Friedeberg, the Hollander Cornélissen, and other Anarchists active in the Syndicalist movement. "The various New Unionist groups keep in touch with one another through the publication of *Le Bulletin International du mouvement Syndicalists*, edited by Christian Cornélissen, a well-known sociologist," writes Tridon. Quite true, but why hide the fact that Cornélissen is not only a well-known sociologist but an active Anarchist as well? *Le Père Peinard* was according to Tridon a "revolutionary" organ, and its editor, Pouget, became after his days in exile a "convert to Syndicalism." What ingenuity in keeping Anarchists in obscurity! Pouget "converted" to Syndicalism! Here indeed ignorance is bliss!

In his over-anxiety to annihilate Anarchism our good André makes one blunder after another. So when he states apodicticly: "Kropotkin recently wrote a preface for Pouget and Pataud's book on Syndicalism. It does not imply that Syndicalism is being modified by Kropotkin; it means that after all these years Kropotkin is realizing the positive trend of the new movement." Can any one explain to us poor mortals what interest Kropotkin could have in "modifying Syndicalism"? Too bad Pouget and Pataud didn't ask André to write the preface to their work instead of Kropotkin.

The joke is on Tridon when he quotes Cornélissen's repudiation of the so-called intellectual interpreters of Syndicalism with approval. Cornélissen writes: "Instead of studying the French movement through its official organ *La Voix du Peuple,* or through pamphlets written by militant Syndicalists, the authors of articles on Syndicalism prefer to quote French and Italian writers who are outside the movement, and with whom the French unions have nothing to do." Now these remarks of Cornélissen are directed precisely against such scirveners as Tridon, and especially they point at Berth, Lagardelle, Leone, and other writers of the Neo-Marxian school, the very same men Tridon accepts as his authorities. Indeed, the first chapter of his book commences with a lengthy quotation directed against Anarchism from Berth's book, *Le Nouveaux Aspects du Socialisme.* He is quite enraptured with the silly harangue of that Neo-Marxian blatherskite.

As long as Tridon stands on the soil of France, Italy, or Spain he is familiar with the subject of his book notwithstanding his clumsy attempts to ignore the work of Anarchists. But once he leaves the Latin world he finds himself in a *terra incognita.* He makes pitiful attempts to describe the new Unionism in other countries. Speaking of Austria, he informs us that the "Austrian Syndicalists are absolutely independent in their action from the Anarchists and Socialist groups. The three groups refused to combine in organizing the anti-war manifestation which took place on November 10, 1912, in Vienna." This will be "some news" to Comrade Grossmann, the editor of the Anarchist organ *Wohlstand für Alle,* at the same time official organ of the syndicalist *Freie Gewerkschafts-Vereinigung.* At the invitation of the French Confederation Comrade Grossmann goes nearly every year to France to explain to the German workers in Paris the purpose and tactics of Syndicalism, and he was the principle speaker on the occasion of which Tridon speaks. In truth Syndicalism and Anarchism mean the same to Austrian workers as far as they are educated. As to Bohemia there is no revolutionary movement whatever which is not inspired by Anarchists. The organ of the miners, *Hornické Listy,* is edited by Anarchists.

Our comrades in Holland too will be surprised to learn that "the Dutch Syndicalists are being attacked by

both the Anarchists and the Socialists." It depends on which Syndicalists Mr. Tridon means. In the Anarchist papers, *Vrye Socialist, Toekomst, Recht voor Allen, Arbeider, Vryheidsvann, Nar de Vryheid* and *De wapens neder,* he would look in vain for attacks on the real revolutionary Syndicalists.

We learn from Tridon that Sabotage was applied by the Japanese workers in the course of several strikes which took place in 1912, but he fails to inform his readers of the work of Denjiro Kotoku, Suga Kano and their fellow-workers who died on the gallows because of their propaganda and for spreading the idea of Syndicalism and Direct Action.

The movement "in other countries" our author dismisses with a few lines, but his courage revives the very moment he enters the United States. But this excursion requires another chapter. Here André becomes rhapsodical—the prophet of the I. W. W. "The most radical Syndicalist body on earth," cries our modern Sir Galahad, "the American I. W. W. owes absolutely nothing to Anarchism." No, it sprang pure from Nirvana. I wonder what the hundreds of Anarchists working loyally and energetically in the ranks of that organization think of Tridon's statement, born of ignorance and of hatred of the Anarchist movement in America? But there is a humorous phase to the situation. No matter how hard André works, the members of the I. W. W. do not seem to appreciate his efforts. Last winter he offered his great knowledge of the labor question to the I. W. W. local in New York. But lo! who didn't care were the members of the organization. The nicely advertized lectures had to be cancelled. Does he expect they will read his book?

TOM MANN ON PARLIAMENT

THOSE who know the real attitude of syndicalists towards parliament, know full well that our ignoring of parliamentary methods is not as the manifesto states, because the present Labor Party in the House of Commons has failed to voice the real needs of the people. Our objection is a much more serious one, it is that parliament is part of the decaying capitalist regime, an institution wholly unsuited to afford the workers opportunities of getting control of the industries and the

wealth produced by the workers in these industries. We look upon parliament as utterly unsuited to the enabling of the workers to apply their own labor in the controlling and ultimate owning of all wealth-producing agencies. Many members of the British Socialist Party claim for parliament that it is an excellent platform for propaganda purposes, but they frankly admit its uselessness for the purposes of revolution and reconstruction of society. We declare it to be not of the smallest value that there should be a few socialist speeches made in such a place. Such speeches would give the workers no power nor would they send fear to the hearts of the capitalists. Natuarally the capitalists will fear nothing until they find they are losing the power to control the working class. Our syndicalist method is the encouragement of the working class to control itself. There is absolutely no agency in existence or projected at all suitable to this great work except the industrial organizations of the workers. Industrial solidarity is the one and only all-powerful agency through which and by which work will be controlled, all unemployment solved, and capitalist exploitation stopped forever.

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THE REVOLT OF THE ARMY

(*Conclusion.*)

Before they arrived at this disconcerting conclusion, precious time had been lost. By the time they gave up all hope of stemming the disaster, the fire was gaining on them more and more, crackling from story to story. One after the other the casements noisily crashed in, so that across torrents of smoke could be seen the red glare of the furnace.

When they tried to save the horses that had brought cannons and machine guns, these animals, maddened, kicked, reared and were quite unmanageable. After enormous difficulties, they succeeded in getting them away. On the other hand it was absolutely impossible, in spite of incredible efforts, to attach them to the pieces of artillery, so that these had to be abandoned in the court, together with their ammunition. And the terrible anxiety was increased by the formidable explosions that were possible.

This catastrophe upset all the arrangements that had

been made for the attack. The soldiers, completely out of hand, half dressed, and without arms, went off at random. Although none of them had perished in the flames, it was with great difficulty that the officers succeeded in collecting together half their effectives. The other half had melted away, had disappeared.

Whilst the barracks of Chateau d'Eau were burning, other events occurred which struck a still worse blow at the cause of Capitalism.

The Trade Union groups and the bands of Anti-militarists, who worked together heartily, decided that, whilst the Government was clearing its decks for action, they would attempt some counter operation on points that were necessarily uncovered. Possessed by the desire to arm themselves effectively, these groups had maintained a keen watch on the State depots of arms, resolved to take possession of them on the first favorable opportunity. This night they found things just as they would have wished them to be.

The store of arms and ammunition accumulated at Vincennes,—as well as at other points,—had been almost abandoned. As soon as the Anti-militarist bands were informed of this, the order was rapidly passed along among all workmens' organizations; and, in small bands that would not attract attention, the strikers marched on the points indicated.

The few soldiers left on guard at the depots were very soon made harmless; and, that done, they set to work to empty the warehouses. Before the military authorities had information of this, some thousands of men were armed with rifles similar to those used by the army.

Of course, the strikers were not invincible simply because they had now repeating rifles. But this advantage gave them such boldness, such self-reliance, that they feared nothing. This was because, in addition to the guns in their hands, they had profound convictions in their hearts; they had the will and energy which triumph over obstacles that seem to be entirely insurmountable. Whilst the troops opposed to them, although superior on account of their military training, were in reality much inferior, because they marched under compulsion, without enthusiasm and without confidence.

From the early morning, the fever of great dramatic days sent all Paris into the streets.

The army, its last dispositions taken, dejected and spiritless,—with none of that energy that one attributes to French soldiers even at the most critical moments,—occupied the points that had been assigned to them.

Suddenly, along the ranks, the news of the night's incidents spread like a train of gunpowder: the soldiers told one another the story of the fire at the barracks of Chateau-d'Eau, the sacking of the depots of arms,—and that now the strikers were as well supplied with tools for fighting as the regiments on the side of "order."

On hearing these accounts, which were punctuated by ill-humored comments, all that remained of the spirit of discipline, the instinct of obedience, amongst the troops, melted away. And whilst they stood there, fixed at attention, but perplexed,—a crowd, more curious than frightened, in which women and children were in the majority, inundated the pavement and the roadway. This crowd, continually growing larger, pressed around the soldiers, mixed among them,—in spite of the injunctions of the officers, who, impatient and nervous, nevertheless hesitated to order brutalities against them, they looked so inoffensive.

In the meantime, the strikers returned to Paris from Vincennes, in long columns; they were enthusiastic, they had a light in their eyes of force and confidence. They were armed! They went along, full of energy, marching to the sound of revolutionary choruses and fearing no collision.

As they had not been able to distribute all the arms and ammunition on the spot, they had loaded it on trucks, which they escorted to Paris.

On their departure from Vincennes, the Revolutionists were careful to take various precautionary measures in order to guard against any trap or unforeseen attack, cyclists went in front and on the flanks as scouts. Other strikers to whom the handling of arms was familiar, formed an advanced guard, and some of the more intrepid were improvised as front rank men.

Now, with an extended front, the column descended along the wide avenue, and, constantly growing, approached the Place de la Nation. Tragic, decisive momens!

A regiment of the line, sent to meet the insurgents, awaited them near Dalou's group of statuary. This monument then, baptized "Triumph of the Republic," was to be the witness of the downfall of the bourgeois Republic. The irony of things! What joy the great artist would have felt, how radiant he would have been, if, when he baked the clay of his lions, he had been able to conjure up the scene that was going to unfold itself at their feet:—the revenge for 1871!

The officers wished to prevent any contact between the people and their soldiers, and wanted to fire on them from a distance. They were prevented from doing this by the size of the crowd, which, continually getting more dense and compact, surrounded their men, hampered their movements, and, instead of dispersing when ordered, still more engulfed them.

But now this crowd, where women and children were in the majority, instead of remaining passive, became bold: remonstrances arose, haughty and tender, made up of cries of pity, of sobs, of appeals to their humanity, of ardent and panting prayers, of exhortations from the women to the soldiers not to fire on their brothers, their children, their husbands. . . .

A few steps more, and the strikers,—who had begun to sing "The International," and who were roaring out the verses about soldiers and generals,—would join the crowd, and find themselves coming to blows with the troops. The officers, who felt that the latter were weakening and softening, gave the order "Fix bayonets!"

In order to facilitate the execution of this order, and to isolate the troops from the crowd, they ordered a sudden falling back of some steps. After these orders had been given, which soldiers usually execute mechanically, —like automata,—hardly any movement was to be seen.

Exasperated and furious shouts muffled the voices of the military chiefs, destroying their influence; imprecations and curses spread around, and from the crowd, who began to snatch the rifles from the hands of the soldiers, there broke forth, roared, re-echoed the appeal, "Crosse en l'air!"*

The superior officers tried to stem the imminent defection. Furious, foaming, they hurled their horses in

* Hold up the butt-end of your rifles.

front of the troops; at one moment they would reprimand their mutinous soldiers, promising them courts martial, the gallows,—at another, turning towards the crowd, they would threaten to have them shot by the soldiers.

This fit of rage, which recalled the anger of General Lecomte on the 18th of March, 1871, at Montmartre, only hastened the military revolt; the soldiers replied by the fatal movement, and stretched out their hands to the people. And, instead of a scene of horrible carnage, there were embraces, shouts of joy.

The regiment broke up. Soldiers and strikers embraced each other; whilst the officers (remembering the scene of the Rue des Rosiers), took themselves off, to the cracking of rifles that saluted their flight.

Soldiers and strikers divided themselves into several columns, and after a short halt, left the Place de la Nation, going, some by the Faubourg Antoine, some by the Boulevard Voltaire, some by the Avenue Philippe Auguste, arm in arm, with an irrestible impulse and enthusiasm. Everywhere, as they passed, there were cries of enthusiasm, frantic cheering; the troops that they met on the road were disbanded, and carried away in their train.

The rumor of this first defection spread with astonishing rapidity. At all the points where the rulers had intended to carry out their respective action, the soldiers, already demoralized, were definitely disabled by the pessimistic reports which they got; they refused to fight, and passed over to the side of the people.

At some points there was a show of resistance by picked troops, chiefly by the cavalry. But when these,—whose horses advanced with difficulty,—for the roads were strewn with obstacles, especially broken glasses and bottles,—had received some charges from quick firing rifles, with which the General Strikers were now supplied, their ardor cooled down. It was the same with some other troops that remained faithful, who, attacked in front, behind,—taken for targets from street windows,—could not stand it.

The insurgents were not intoxicated by their victory. They showed practical common sense. They showed useful initiative, and took the decisive steps which were

necessary to secure that their success should have a morrow.

Bands were formed, in various districts, who were to make an assault on the barracks, and to occupy all the centers of repressive action, and all the governmental centers, in order to render impossible any attempt at a reactionary rally.

But however urgent this work might be, there was another of still greater importance. It was necessary, at once, to strike at the heart of authority, to attack it in its living works. For this purpose, there were employed great columns, composed partly of soldiers in revolt and partly of strikers, who, starting from the Place de la Nation, marched towards the center of Paris.

One, which went down the Faubourg Antoine and the Rue de Rivoli, occupied successively the Town Hall, the Police Offices, the Law Courts; then, crossing over to the left side of the river, they attacked the various Government Offices.

The other column, which marched along the Boulevard Voltaire and the great boulevards, fell like a thunderbolt, first of all on the Ministry of the Interior, then on the Elysée and the Place Vendôme.

The meeting place of these columns was the Palais Bourbon.

The march of these masses, who rolled on like torrents, was so unexpected, so sudden, so abrupt, that it had not been possible to take any serious step to oppose their passage. Along the route, they were joined by crowds, they grew,—became an avalanche,—carrying along with them both the people and the soldiers that they encountered; breaking, like bits of straw, the few bands of police or troops faithful to the authorities, that tried to oppose them.

Nothing could resist this human flood! It passed on, an element let loose,—it was a raging ocean. . . .

Government and the Parliamentary régime were going to be engulfed beneath these waves.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of August, 1913.

(Signed) C. D. MORGAN,

[SEAL] No. 31. Commissioner of Deeds, New York City.

(My commission expires October 22, 1914.)

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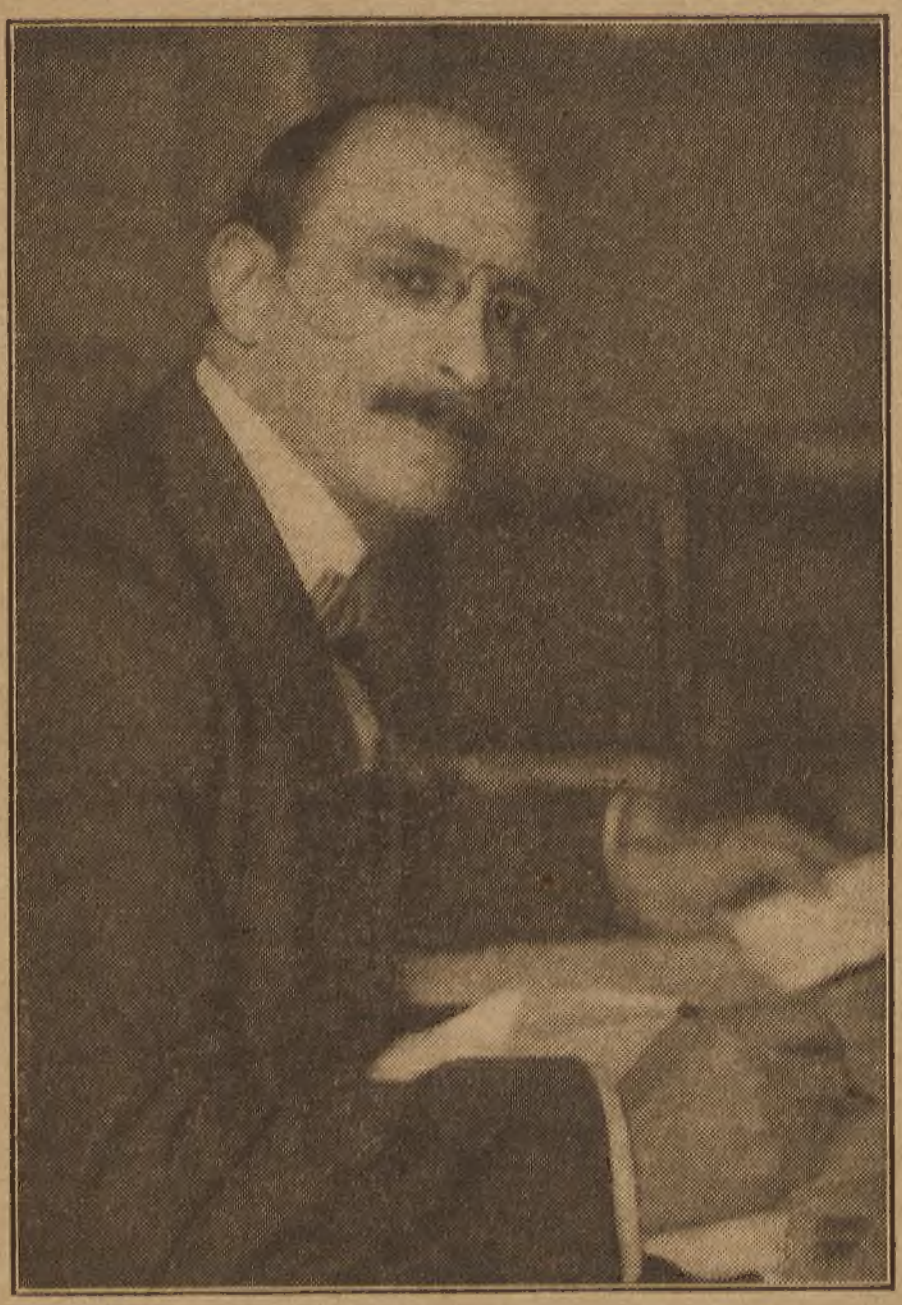

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